peditionary Forces; authorized the mander-in-Chief, A.E.F. Written, edited and published every week by and for the soldiers of the A.E.F.

and for the soldiers of the A.E.F.

Entered as second class matter at United States Army Post Office, Paris, France.

Advertising Director for the United States and Canada: A. W. Erickson, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Fifty centimes a copy. No subscriptions taken. Advertising rates on application.

THE STARS AND STRIPES, G-2-D, A.E.F., 32 Rue Taitbout, Paris, France. Telephone, Gutenberg, 12-95.

FRIDAY, MARCH 14, 1919.

VETERANS ALL

The air these days is crowded with suggestions for the forming of a veterans' association to preserve the American comradeship of the war, to inherit the task and radeship of the war, to inherit the task and the glory of the G.A.R. Tomorrow a caucus will open in Paris to plan, tentatively, an organization to perpetuate "the relationships formed in the military service."

If such an organization is to thrive and

serve America, it will be tied to no creed or party. It will grind no axes. It will forget the distinctions of rank which the Army happened to require for its job in hand; for, of course, times have greatly changed since the days when the society of the Cincinnati and the Loyal Legion were formed for officers only and the descend-

formed for officers only and the descend-ants of officers.

Rather will it try to carry back into civilian life something of the shoulder-to-shoulder spirit of a citizen army, drawn from all social classes, all geographical sec-tions of the people that sent it forth—a citizen army in which the scholar divided corned willy with the unlettered, in which the millionaire buttoned shelter-halves with the laborer, in which the descendants of the Mayflower company buddied with the later immigrants.

Naturally, it will, for a time, look back through the softening mists of memory on those days of camp and bivouac, and vet, i these days of camp and bivotac, and yet, in its chief stock in trade is reminiscence, if it looks only backward, then will the germ of death be in its fiber at its very birth, and its days will be short in the land. The only veterans' association worth forming will be one that speaks to all the millions of America's wouth that were en-

norming will be one that speaks to all the millions of America's youth that were enlisted to fight once more the age-long fight for freedom and, as they melt back into the body of American citizenship, calls on them to fight that fight all the days of their lives.

There's nigh two million fellows from the country of the blest
Who know the cause for which their comrades
Who love crossed the sluggish shallows where
their little life streams ran
And broadened just a trifle, you will find:
And their vision's cleaner, clearer, and they hold
just that much dearer
The great and glorious land they left behind!

NOT A PIPE DREAM Statistics are a lot of fun, provided you have plenty of time in which to fool with

them.
Take that little matter of 3,174,871,794 eigarettes—all smoked by the A.E.F. Assume the length of the average normal cigarette to be two and three-quarters inches, take several reams of foolscap, a gross of pencils and a half day off and you will find that if you laid them down butt to butt, they would extend 134,307.09 miles, and the proper than five times around the or rather more than five times around the

It would scarcely be practicable to prove this by experiment, because unless guards were posted at short intervals, little French bys would start picking up the first mile afore the butt-laying detail had got out of

Some difficulty woud also be encountered in crossing the Steppes of Russia, the Great Wall of China, the Pacific Ocean and San Francisco Bay, but everything should be smooth sailing thereafter along the Lincoln Highway. Crowds would undoubtedly be Highway. Crowds would undoubtedly be on hand at every city and village. The local chambers of commerce throughout the United States would compete to have the nicotine chain extend through their re-

probably be AWOL.

OUR OWN HUNS

There are all sorts of fools in the A.E.F. including those who cannot see a wall without scribbling their names upon it. This officers in France.

It is not even confined to the A.E.F. Arras was not in an American sector, and yet the statue of the Virgin, which was marvelously spared in the destruction of the cathedral there, was not spared the desecration of having scores of names and

regimental numerals carved upon it.
But the most recently discovered offense
of this sort must be debited to America. A or this sort must be described to America. A visitor to the grave of Sgt. Joyce Kilmer, the poet, who lies with 700 others of the Rainbow's dead in a little cemetery on the bitterly convested heights beyond the Ourcq, noted that some one had made off with the dead soldier's identification disk, and that on the plain wooden cross was scrawled, for all the world to read, the otherwise undistinguished names of two American

Pretty rotten, wasn't it?

LOST OPPORTUNITIES

History is making giant strides these days—as several hundred persons have sagely remarked—both at home and over The A.E.F. has done its share, but its efforts pale into insignificance compared

been leading lives of languorous luxury. We have been destroying institutions: the folks at home have built 'em up and knocked 'em over, just for the helluvit.

There is—or, rather, was—for example the "shimmy shiver," a creation designate by its adherents as an original dance of th by its annerents as an original dance of the naughty-naughty variety, and by its opponents in a number of polysyllabic and opprobrious terms. The master mind which invented the shimmy shiver had not be gun to operate when we left home, and we never had a chance to learn it. Now, we never had a chance to learn it. Now, we read in the papers, it has been abolished, along with Schlitz, campaign hats and other agencies of the Evil One, and we never shall have a chance to learn it.

Some day, maybe, a group of depraved individuals will gather down in Sid John-son's barn on the Onion Creek Road for a revival of this gone-but-not-forgotten dis-sipation. There will be a sentry on the door to guard against constabular inter-ference, and all will be merry while the shimmies shiver until the small hours. Bu the ex-member of the A.E.F. who has been lured thither through the specious promises of a silver-striper must turn his face to the wall and blushingly confess that he doesn't know how. And then the multitude will turn upon him and demand accusingly "What were YOU doing during the great war?"

BAD BOYS

Few A.E.F. war stories will be repeated more than the accounts, already shrouded in the pleasant haze of exaggeration, of the Battle of Bow Street.

An M.P. knocked in the head from behind, a bobby er two laid out cold, Genera Harum Skarum in command, and devil take the hindmost-it was as funny as it was unfortunate.

It will meen harder work for the A.P.M in London; it will probably restrict the privileges of leave men in England, who heretofore have enjoyed an amount of freedom with which they were favored nowhere.

At its best, it is a regrettable affront to hospitality.

THE PREACHER WAS RIGHT

There is one class of war profiteer, common to France, America and every other fighting country under the sun, that Con-gresses and Chambers of Deputies and Par-liaments have, so far as we know, failed to reach. It is a very innocent class. Business comes to them; they do not have to go out after it. Their pre-war rates have been boosted slightly, but they always were high. And they do not strictly represent, in this particular aspect of their activities, a strictly essential war industry. But it ould be an awful war without them.
We refer to the photographers. More

cameras, both amateur and professional have been focussed on members of the military profession during recent months than

artillery.

It is, perhaps, an innocent vanity. The family archives would be incomplete with-out a likeness of George in his first O.D.'s, with his right arm twisted around out of all human semblance that his corporal's chevrons might be better displayed. And what a boon for second lieutenant! The most skilled eye cannot tell gold from silver bars in a photograph.

BEHIND THE LINES

THE STARS AND STRIPES begins this week the publication of a series of articles covering in brief summary the work of several departments of the A.E.F. whose roots have necessarily been laid in the S.O.S.

These, with the battle series which has now been running for several weeks, will form virtually a synopsis of the American Army's activities in France.

The line of cleavage is not so marked, however as the strictures improved in the

however, as the strictures imposed in the writing of thes two series might make it appear to be. Where did the S.O.S. end and the front begin? Not, surely, with the dotted line marked on our headquarters maps. Was it simply a question of being beyond sound of the guns? Or beyond airplane reach?

The mere definition does not, after all really amount to much. The vital thing is that there had to be an S.O.S. and that reached, a halt would be necessary until portion bridges had been constructed from New York to St. Nazaire.

But by that time most of the detail would of Engineers could have boarded up in half

of Engineers could have been different.

Now that the war is over, there is one fact about the S.O.S. that the S.O.S. might be pardoned for forgetting. Somebody said, in the distant past of 1917, that it was better to plan for a seven years' war and have it last seven weeks than to plan for a seven weeks' war and have it last eight.

They is so the could have been organized on the could be shower of rain.

They is so to could have been organized on the could be shower of the could be shower of the could be supported by the could be form of weak-mindedness is not confined seven weeks war and have it last eight to the enlisted personnel, as is evidenced by If the S.O.S. could have been organized on the great accumulation of silly and offenthe theory that the war would end at 11 verse inscribed on the walls of the toilet o'clock on the morning of November 11,

bits of calculation ever worked out. Only, if the war had lasted until 11:30 that same morning, there would have been an awful lot of court-martialing.

WELL, WELL!

In the February 22 issue of The Saturday Evening Post there is a picture of our troops hoofing it along the Moselle River drive outside Grevenmacher with a cluster of affable natives waving them on their way. The caption of the picture reads, "American Soldiers Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Down the Banks of the Rhine Into Germany." Presumably, they then sailed up the Thames and landed at Paris, the capital of Italy.

THE Y.M.C.A.

Recently there was published on this page a staunch defense of the much-belabored Y.M.C.A. which came in the morning mail from a broth of an Irish Marine who signed himself "Silent Sufferer." Other sufferers, about equally silent, have sent in ever since a deluge of replies, almost all of which, it is only proper to acknowledge, dissent with emotion, not to say violence, from his view-point. These answers will be left regretwith the tremendous achievements of those fully unpublished, not, as some of their who couldn't, or didn't, get over. Though writers predicted, because this newspaper we, in our simple way, have conceived the is timid, but because, in order to print even fancy that we were keeping tolerably busy a third of them, it would be necessary to playing ten-pins with dynasties and autocracies, the shameful truth is that we have did not have novelty to recommend them.

The Army's Poets

WAITING

HELL, YES!

Just how many would remain? Write it down and make it plain." Now ain't that a healthy way For a soldier man to play Ev'ry evenin' more or less? HELL, YES!—HELL, YES!

"Private Johnson, take the floor; Please bound Lower Labrador. How much cheese does Spain Import From the Duchy of Connaught? If you went to Timbuctoo What canals would you pass through? Where's the biggest swamp in Maine? Tell us that and make it plain."

Now ain't that a lovely song For a man who's big and strong 'N' aching for some happiness? HELL, YES!—HELL, YES!

"Private Murray, take the floor; Who discovered Singapore? Now ain't that a gorgeous tune For a soldier guy to croon Night—an' mornin's, too, I guess! HELL, YES!—HELL, YES!

"Private Perkins, take the floor; Scan this philosophic law. Who was Kant and who was Locke? Why did Hick'ry Dick'ry Dock Run about and play when he Might have read philosophy and learned to talk in high-brow strain? I dare you, sir, to make it plain."

Now ain't that a scrumtious was Now ain't that a scrumptious way
For a hulkin' man to play?
Next they'll teach us how to dress.
HELL, YES!—HELL, YES!
T. G. BROWN, Cpl., 51st Pioneer Inf.

was lyin' there one morning, with my nose jammed in the dirt, While the bullets all around me made the ting

It's not so hard to face the Boche an' let him shoot at you,

LEFT BEHIND

And A lieutenant Alleutenant
Gave me
A Swift kick
And set me to
Double timing
To
Catch up.
HARRY L. PARKER, 1st Lieut., Inf.

Oh, I've fought in the fight
For the Truth and the Right,
From the Marne to the shores of the Rhine
I have shed my blood
In the crimson flood,
With never a groan nor a whine.

But now that it's done, And the victory won, I'm a child, with a childish pray's; For the waiting game Is the hardest game, With a fear never felt "up there."

Evry aight while I wait In this hole that I hate For the ship that will carry me home Wild dreams fill my brain And I scream with a pain Never folt in the hell of Argonne.

All the days mock at me And wild passions set free And wild passions set free Are the foce that no bullets can kill. So I pray as a child, With the faith of a child, That pray'r that puts steel in my w

"Oh, God, keep me straight,
In these days that I wait,
As you steadied my soul at Sedan.
That I may not fail,
That back home I may sail,
With clean heart to my native land."
B. A. HENORS,
Pvt., Co. E, 13th Regt., U.S.M.C.

DRINKIN' ON THE RHINE

DKINKIN ON THE RHINE

A soldier from Milwankee lay dying in the rear. There was lack of even beer.

He had fought the fight of absence—fifteen days he'd been away:

As he gasped his last a comrade bent to hear what he might say:

"Tell the boys I'll soon be pushing up the daisles here in France,
While the Allied hosts in Germany are holding their advance,
That I'll never live to realize this one fond dream of mine—

Of drinking beer in Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"Ah comrade, it shall never be! I'm done, and that's no ile, But, oh, for one good schooner or a stein before I die! is sick of pinard and the wines they serve you here think of froithy beer. That the signing of the peace pact makes me think of froithy beer. Served in some old quaint bierlokal reeking of the smell of kraul. Not by some coquettish mam'selle, but by Gretchen fat and sleut; and I'd forget about the days of sognac and of wine.

wine
With a pail of suds before me, there in Binger
on the Rhine."
DAVID DARRAH, Mallet Reserve.

"Private Williams, take the floor; How much, please, is two plus four? Three times seven, minus eight, Leave just what, you'll kindly state? If you have six porcupines, Five fell down and cracked their spines, Just how many would remain?

Who discovered Singapore? How did Alsace come to France? Name King William's maiden aunts. Tell us how Napoleon Won the battle of Bull Run. Who in Louis Quinz's reign First used soup? Now piease explai

THE STRETCHER BEARERS

While they're passin' round these Croix de Guerres an' D.S.C.'s an' such, There's a guy I'd like to recommend—he isn' mentioned much. His job is nothin' rancy, an' he doesn't get much fame.

fame.

He is a stretcher bearer, but, believe me, Bo, the search and the search but, believe me, Bo, the search believe me and the search believe me at the search but, but a doughboy. Perhaps you know my rep.)

An' I used to kid the Pill Brigade for gettin' out of step:
But since we had this war of ours, I've seen what they can dc,
An' perhaps this little story may explain my change of view.

was a shower of rain.

An' they went out to my buddy—an' they brought him back again.

shoot at you,
When you've got an automatic an' can do some shootin', too,
But those two boys went marchin' out, without a single chance
Except to push up dalsies in some sunny field in France.
They saw their job an' did it, without any fuss or talk,
Just as calmiy an' serenely as you'd start out.

Just as calmiy an' serenely as you'd start out factories as walk. Believe me. that takes courage, an' I'll hand it to them, then, You may call them non-combatants, but they're soldiers and they're Men.

FRANK G. TILLSON.

LEFT BEHIND

I got a letter from
My girl. She said.
"I love you.
When the mud is
Thick, and
You have a large pack on
Your back
And you are hungry
And tired
Think of me.
I love you."
And one day we were
On the march.
Thick And
I had a large
Pack
On my back
And I was
Hungry
And tired, when
I fell to thinking
Of her.
And
A lieutenant

TORIES



(SCENE IN THE AMERICAN COLONIES 1775)

"What's this union of States these radicals want to form?" "Oh, just another wild scheme-a society to unite the various elements over the whole country. But of course it can never be successful—our interests are too divergent—civilization is not yet ready for those hazy dreams-too idealistic."

WHAT ABOUT COMPANY FUNDS?

Now that we are going home, what about the tions which didn't believe in any rainy day savdollars, francs, marks, lire, shillings and kopeks ings or in which the collective epicure appetite
which the companies of the A.E.F., scattered automatically depleted the fund each month to
through Europe, have been accumulating in their
the point where it is not worth talking about. company funds—the spare and buckshee piles of assorted simoleons that have drifted into the profits of post exchanges, company barber shops

profits of post exchanges, company barber shops, tailor shops?

Almost every company in the A.E.F. has its own collective bank account—a fund that is the property of all the men in the company as long as the company retains its organization. But the company fund becomes the property of the Government when the company ceases to exist. And there are a whole lot of companies which will go with of extenses were som. The company fund out of existence very soon. problem is a big one these days at the embarka-

tion camps.

Army Regulations prescribe that the fund of

Army Regulations prescribe that the fund of the company may be expended only for the benefit of all the company—it may not be divided pro rata among the men even to escape the necessity of handing it over to the Government.

The expenditure of the fund is in the hands of a company council which is authorized to designate things for which payment may be made, subject to rules which have been formulated from time to time by various headquarters and the standing rules of Army Regulations under Article

standing rules of Army Regulations under Article XXXIII, Paragraph 227.

In general, wide latitude is permitted company councils in determining how they shall spend the company money, so long as the spending is for the good of all the men—for their comfort or pleasure—and not for the specific benefit of a few. Full accounts of all receipts and expenditures must be kept and audited at least once every three months by a higher authority than the immediate commander.

immediate commander.

A recent General Order provides that all company funds will be in unquestionable order before the officer directly responsible for their supervision is permitted to embark with the organization for the States, and this officer and necessary witnesses may be kept in France for the purpose of straightening up affairs after the organization has embarked, should such a step

the question, "What shall we do with the fund?" is being talked over everywhere in the A.E.F. today, except in those organiza-

Marshal Foch.

I, therefore, take this opportunity of presenting my thoroughly unsolicited opinion of what shall constitute the final proof that the Boche are "fineesh," regardless of the number of locomotives, etc., they have not delivered.

Of course, I understand from the papers that on November 11 last an armistice or something of the kind bennepad in certain parts, though

of the kind happened in certain parts, though as yet "business as usual" flourishes in the S.O.S. You have accordingly not seen any communique

from me officially consenting that the war is now

Paint a little picture of Imagination, with your Paint a little picture of imagination, with your truly as the main squeeze.

I sit in the big concrete stands, respectable black civvies replacing my erstwhile O.D., and a sack of peanuts on my reverend knee. One han holds a wicked bottle of Coca-Cola, and by my

heroic side sits Lurline, anon swinging her dainty

foot a bit and venturing a timid question as to

And there, right out there, all around out there is the green grass, over which sweep the summer winds of a cloudiess day, such as little children in Brest and La Pallice think is in heaver

only.

Then a groover comes right over the middle of the rubber, and the sound of a solid elam comes out of the big mitt, and the Commanding Officer yells "Strike three." and the hard-nosed crowd whines "Robber"—right there I shall pronounce the war officially closed and the Raiser officially gone where I am trying to keep most folks from going.

Chaplain, Camp Hospital No. 38.

the home boys always wear their uniform

tions which didn't believe in any rainy day sav-ings or in which the collective epicure appetite automatically depleted the fund each month to the point where it is not worth falking about. In a great many organizations heading seaward, however, the company fund is, a real asset, con-taining 10,000 francs and more. In one com-pany stationed rather far from supply bases, dissatisfaction arose over the mess, and a com-

dissatisfaction arose over the mess, and a com-mittee inquired into the possibilities of supplemittee inquired into the possibilities of suppliementing issue food with commissary purchases. They met with the explanation that the company's 10,000 francs was being saved to buy oranges on board ship, or possibly food at other stages of the demobilization journey homeward. The mess became better immediately. Cases of unutilized company funds may be caused by lack of facilities to obtain proper benefits, by pressure of work or other things.

f work or other things. Most company commanders and company councils have taken care of the fund energetically. In many companies anniversary banquets have In many companies anniversary banquets have been given. In others money was spent for pho-tographs of memorable places associated with the company's fighting, prepared in the form of a souvenir booklet. The souvenir booklet idea has had a wide adaptation, some outfits getting up illustrated histories containing the company protes.

roster. Company baseball and football teams have been given the backing of company funds in many cases, supplementing aid received from Army cases, supplementing aid received from Army auxiliary organizations. Musical instruments were purchased as common property. Costumes for elaborately staged company shows were also furnished out of the funds, and the general expenses for such shows were underwritten by the fund. Before a certain General Order went into effect there threatened to be a shortage of Belgian police dogs in France, due to the demand in the market created by company fund buyers. In fact, there have been so many and such novel uses to which company funds have been put that ithey can't all be listed here now.

can't all be listed here now. they can't all be listed here now.

To help companies which may be trying to decide what to do with their funds, THE STARS AND STRIPS calls for letters from the whole A.E.F. on what other companies have done. What company has or had the largest company fund? How was it raised? For what is it being spent? What unusual accomplishments or uses were associated with the funds?

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:-Why is it that the commissary at Bourge sells chocolate candy to officers only? This ques tion was asked me a hundred times at Bourge G.T.R.

[We bite. Why does it?-EDITOR.]

HEADLINES OF A YEAR AGO From THE STARS AND STRIPES of March 15, 1918.

AMERICANS MAKE FIRST RAIDS INTO GERMAN TRENCHES—Two Lor-raine Sectors Are Scene of Invasion of Enemy's Lines—Shells Play Mighty Jazz -Doughboys Gain Their Objectives and Return With Prisoners in 47 Minutes-Mud-Spattered Colonel Gay -- Sergeant Rises to Profamity When Big Guns Bat-ter Pillbox That He Wanted to Take.

ONE REGIMENT WINS 16 CROIX DE GUERRE—Whole Trench Mortar Section Cited as Sequel to Raid on Chemin des Dames.

FREE QUARTERS AND BOARD FOR MEN ON MOLIDAY—Dollar a Day to Buy Meals for All at Designated Leave Center.

NIGHT PATROLS ALWAYS ACTIVE IN TOUL SECTOR—Separate Instruc-tions for Every Man Who Goes Out Be-tween the Lines.

MOST OF ALPHABET IN BILITARY LABELS-5.0.S. Is Latest Tag to Make Place for Itaelf in Army Records,

WAR AS IT AIN'T

to the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:-After having served in the line for endless months I have wired Mother to take in the serventure 1 find that I know nothing—absolutely nothing—about war and things bellicose. This conclusion was forced upon me after wading through a heap of America's leading (or mislead

ing) periodicals.

The type of magazine which has led me to The type of magazine which has led me to believe that all my experience has gone for naught, and that when it comes to things military I am a gross ignoramus, is that which consists of a series of illustrations surrounded by words. The pictures are sine qua non and the words incidental, although offtimes they serve to explain the sometimes puzzling illustrations. I could go on at great length and in great detail, but I shall merely give a few examples, which may help others to educate themselves along military lines:

along military lines:

along military lines:

(1) A cover on a humorous weekly depicts a Marine, resplendent with decorations. Forming a background, similar to the painted canvas woodland scene which the photographers employ, are a doughboy and a sailor. (From this picture I assume that Uncle Sam's fighting forces consist of the Marines, the Navy and the Army.)

(2) A nicture of a douehboy apparently going

(2) A picture of a doughboy apparently over the top with an automatic in one hand and bayonet in the other. The shells are bursting a bayonet in the other. The shells are bursting near by, but he pays no attention to them. He is minus blouse, helmet and gas mask. There is no title to this picture. Feeling a bit sorry for the dauntless youth, especially should a wee bit of gas blow his way, I suggest "S.O.L." as a title.

(3) The next picture which came under my scrutiny was fortunately labeled "The Officer."

scrutiny was fortunately labeled "The Officer," else I should still be at a loss to discover just what the artist meant to depict. This poor chap, probably some friend of the artist, wore a helmet with a beautifully embossed eagle thereon. Being with a beautifully embossed eagle thereon. Being dressed strictly according to regulation, he wore upon his collar two crossed guns, where the vast majority of officers, probably less familiar with the regulations, wear the U.S., and U.S. where the same ignorant majority pin the crossed guns. As he was apparently just about to go into the line, judging by the fearless expression upon his countenance, he naturally was wearing his Sam Browne belt. In lieu of service stripes he sported wo inverted V's. He was astride a IT'LL BE OVER THEN SWEETS TO THE SWEET

was addition to a .45, he carried a saber and a guidon. Fortunately, or unfortun-

frawing.

(4) This picture was a sketch of "our boys, over there, in the trenches." Apparently, the Boche had just sent over beaucoup gas, for our valiant lad was ringing a bell by means of a huge rope (this part of the swetch was probably huge rope (this part of the swetch was probably posed in the local belfry back home in Spring-field). The other two lads were looking out for themselves. The one was about to adjust his jam mask, with nose and mouthplece out. This innovation might be tried in the next war. The other lad, doubtless a contortionist in eivil life, was attempting to don his mask over his helmet. In the distance, mounted on the top of the parapet, was a weapon—possibly one of the new Browning guns which have been so widely used by our forces—consisting of a barrel of some 75cm. caliber with a pistol grip at the breech.

There was no title to this sketch. None was

needed.

From these few examples you can readily see how my views of modern warfare have changed, and for this reason I have appointed myself a committee of one for the S.O.I.A. (Suppression of Imaginative Artists).

HARV.

WITH ISSUE INK?

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:-I suggest that men who are proud of the er-ganization or branch they have served in have its symbol tattooed on their left arms correits symbol tattooed on their left arms corresponding to the shoulder pad. Then if they gree changed about, or if certain well-meaning law-servers prevent them from wearing the badge in the States, they will still have a record of which they will always be proud, which will always he proud, which will always have for them its associations, and which no one can ever take from them.

Lieut, J. H. Townsend, Jr.